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# CHAPTER XXI.

A Confusion In Covenants. URING the next morning Har-

lug's mail. On his return be handed me two letters. One was from and look into these things." Captain Matthew Stevenson, dated at Fort Henry, and informed me that he had been transferred to the east from Jefferson Barracks, in company with I come back, Miss Grace"other officers. He hinted at many changes in the disposition of the army of late. His present purpose in writwould certainly took us up.

This letter I put aside quickly, for the other seemed to me to have a more immediate importance. I glanced it We withdrew to his library, and then a pauper in the meantime." I handed him the letter.

niugs & Jennings, my father's agents me only last spring, and you"at Huntington, on whose advice he "I come to you now, Miss Grace." went into his coal speculations." "I see. Their advice seems to have ! "Ah, what a difference between then

been rather disastrous."

"At first it seemed so," I answered. For a time we could find nothing fit worth many times the price paid for them."

"I see. And they have some sort of an offer as well, eh?"

"A half loaf is better than no bread," I assented. "I think I ought to go out there and examine all this in detail."

"But one thing I don't understand about this," began Colonel Sheraton, "your father's partner, Colonel Meriwether, was on joint paper with him. What did he say to you when you saw

"Nothing," I replied "We did not discuss the matter."

"What? That was the sole reason why you went out to see him!" "Other matters came up," said I "This was not brought up at all be-

tween us." Colonel Sheraton looked at me keenly. "I must admit, Mr. Cowles," said he, slowly weighing his words, that of late certain things have seemed more than a little strange to me. If you will allow me so to express myself, there is in my own house since you came a sort of atmosphere of indefiniteness. Now, why was it you did not take up these matters with Colonel Meriwether? Certainly they were important to you, and under the circumstances they have n certain interest to myself. What are

you trying to cover up?" "Nothing from ; ou of a business nature, sir, and nothing from Miss Grace | doubtless some servant's. It could not of any nature which I think she ought to know."

He turned on me swiftly. "Young man, what do you propose to do in regard to my daughter? I confess I have contemplated certain plans in your benefit. I feel it is time to mention these matters with you."

"It is time," I answered. "But, if you please, it seems to me Miss Grace and I should first take them up together. Has she spoken to you in any



"Going away again?" she looked up at

way that might lead you to think she would prefer our engagement to be broken?"

"No. sir. There has only been a vagueness and indefiniteness which I

did not like." "Had my affairs not mended, Colonel Sheraton, I could not have blamed | you to know nor for any woman." any of you for breaking the an-

ment. If conditions prove to be practically the same now as then it is she who must decide her course and

"That is perfectly honorable. I have no criticism to offer. I have only ber happiness at heart."

"Then, if you please, sir, since I am rather awkwardly situated here, I should like very much to see Miss Grace this morning."

He bowed in his lofty way and left me. Within a half hour a servant brought me word that Miss Grace would see me in the drawing room,

She was seated in a wide, low chair near the sunny window, half hid by the leafy plants that grew in the Ly EMERSON HOUGH boxes there. She was clad in loose morning wear over ample crinoline. her dark hair drawn in broad bands over the temples, half confined by a broad gold comb, save two long curls which hung down her neck at either side. It seemed to me she was very thin-thinner and darker than ever. She held out her hand to me, and it lay cold and lifeless in my own.

"Perhaps I have been a little hurry Sheraton galloped down to ried after all in classing myself as an the village after the morn. absolute pauper." I explained as she read my letter. "I must go out there

"Going away again?" She looked up at me, startled.

"For a couple of weeks. And when

So now I was up to the verge of that same old, definite question,

She sat up on the chair as though ing, as he explained, was to promise pulling herself together in some sudus that, in case he came our way he den resolve and looked me straight in the face.

"Jack," she said, "why should we

and now!" she sighed.

there?"

"To be sure." said I; "only I do not ever and found occasion to request want you to marry a pauper if any act a word or so with Colonel Sheraton. of my own can make him better than

"You temporize," she said bitterly. "This," I explained, "is from Jen- "You are not glad. "Yet you came to

said.

"but now they advise me by no means to say. At last I was forced to bring to allow foreclosure to be completed if up one thing I did not like to mentiou. it can be avoided. The lands are "Miss Grace," said I, seating myself beside her, "last night, or, rather, this morning after midnight, I found a man prowling around in the yard." She sprang up as though shocked,

> her face gray, her eyes full of terror. "You have told!" she exclaimed. "My father knows that Captain Orme"-It was my own turn to feel surprise,

> which perhaps I showed. "I have told no one. It seemed to me that first I ought to come to you and ask you about this. Why was Orme

She stared at me. "He told me he would come back some time," she admitted at length. All the while she was fighting with herself, striving, exactly as Orme had done, to husband her powers for an impending struggle. "You see," she added. "he has secret business all over the country. I will own I believe him to be in the secret service of the inner circle of a number of southern congressmen and business men. He is in with the southern circle-of New Orleans, of Charleston-Washington. For this reason he could not always choose his hours of going and coming."

"Does your father know of his peculiar hours?"

"I presume so, of course."

"I saw a light at a window." I began, "whose window I do not know, have been a signal?"

"A signal? What do you mean? Do you suspect me of putting out a beacon light for a cheap night adventure with some man? Do you expect me to tolerate that sort of thing from you?"

"I ask you to tolerate nothing," I said. "I am not in the habit of suspecting ladies. But I ask you if you can explain the light on that side of

hand, "forgive me. I admit that Captain Orme and I carried on a bit of a firtation after he came back-after he had told me about you. But why should that-why, he did not know you were here.'

"No," said I dryly, "I don't think he did. I am glad to know that you found something to amuse you in my ab- here?"

"Let us not speak of amusements in the absence of each other." she said bitterly. "Think of your own. But when you came back it was all as it was last spring. I could love no other man but you, Jack. After all, if we are quits, let us stay quits and fergive and forget. Let us forget, Jack."

I sat looking at her as she turned to me, pleading, imploring in her face, her gesture.

"Jack," she went on, "a woman needs some one to take care of her, to love her. I want you to take care of me. You wouldn't throw me over for just a little thing, when all the time you yourself"-

"The light shone for miles across the valley," said I.

"Precisely, and that was how he happened to come up, I do not doubt. He thought we were still up about the place. My father has always told him to make this his home and not to go to the tavern. They are friends politically, in many ways, as you know."

"The light then was that of some servant?"

"Certainly it was. I know nothing of it. It was an accident, and yet you blame me as though-why, it was all accident that you met Captain Orme. Tell me, Jack, did you quarrel? What did he tell you?"

"Many things. He is no fit man for "Do I not know that? I will never

see him again."

"No; he will never come back here again; that is fairly sure. He has promised that, and he asked me to promise one thing, by the way."

"What was that?" "To keep my promise with you. He asked me to marry you. Why?"

Infinite wit of woman! What chance have we men against such weapons? It was coquetry she forced to her face and nothing else when she answered: 'So, then, he was hard bit, after all! I did not know that. How tender of him to wish me married to another than himself! The conceit of you men is something wondrons."

"Mr. Orme was so kind as to inform me that I was a gentleman and likewise a very great ass."

"Did you promise him to keep your promise, Jack?" She put both her hands on mine as it lay on the chair arm. Her eyes looked into mine straight and full It would have taken more imagination than mine to suspect the slight-

est flickering in their llds. "Jack," she murmured over and over again, "I love you. I have never loved any other

"So now," I resumed, "I have come to you to tell you of all these things and to decide definitely and finally in regard to our next plans."

promise to keep your promise? You do

"I doubt no woman whom I wed," I answered. "I shall be gone for two

"Jack. I'm sure of that." she mur- say I could!" mured. "It is a grand thing for a woman to have the promise of a man who knows what a promise is."

I winced at this, as I had winced a thousand times at similar thrusts unconsciously delivered by so many. "No," said I, "I think Orme is right. I am only a very stupid ass."

She reached out her hand, I felt her fingers close cold and hard on mine, as though loth to les me go. I kissed her fingers and withdrew, myself at least very glad to be away.

I retired to my room to arrange my portmanteaus for an early journey. And there, filling up one-half of the greater valise, was a roll of hide, ragged about its edge. I drew it out and spread it flat upon the bed before me, whitened and roughened with bone, reddened with blood, written on with rude stylus, bearing certain words which all the time, day and night, rang, yes, and sang, in my brain.

"I. John Cowles-I. Ellen Meriwether-take thee for better, for worsetill death"-I saw her name-E-l-l-e-n.

Presently once more I departed. My mother also ended her visit at Dixiana, preferring to return to the quiet of her two little whitewashed rooms and the old fireplace and the sooty pothooks which our people's slaves had used for two generations in the past. As to what I learned at Huntington I need say no more than that I began to see fully verified my father's daring and his foresight. The matter of the coal land speculation

was proved perfectly feasible. All the details of surveying and locating lands, of measuring shafts and drifts and estimating cubic yards in coal and determining the status of tenures and fees, had occupied me longer than I had anticipated. I had been gone two days beyond a month when I pulled up at Wallingford.

As I approached the little tavern I heard much laughing, talking, footfalls, hurrying, as men came or went on one errand or another. A large party had evidently arrived on a conveyance earlier than my own. I leaned against the front rail of the tavern gallery and waited for some stable boy to come. I found my eyes resting upon a long figure at the farther end of the gallery, sitting in the shade of the steep hill which came down almost sharp as a house roof back of the tavern and so cut off the evening sun. It was apparently a woman, tall and thin, clad in a loose, stayless gown, "Jack," she said, flinging out her her face hid in an extraordinarily long green sunbonnet. There was no one in all the world who could counterfeit

Mandy McGovern. Mandy's pipe well nigh fell from her lips. "Well, well, well! If it ain't you, son!" she exclaimed.

"Aunt Mandy," I interrupted. "Tell me, what in the world are you doing

"Why, me and the folks just come down to look around. Her and her pa

was comin', and I come too!" "Who came with you, Aunt Mandy?" "Still askin' fool questions, like you didn't know! Why, you know who it was. The colonel's ordered to jine his rigiment at Fort Henry. Gal come along o' him o' course. I come along with the gal o' course. My boy and my husband come along with me o'

"Your son, Andrew Jackson?" "Uh-huh. He's somewheres 'round, reckon. I see him lickin' a nigger a few minutes ago. Say, that boy's come out to be the fightenest feller I ever did see. Him allowin' he got that there Injun day we had the fight down on the Platte, it just made a new man out'n him. My man and me seen there was a good openin' there on the trail this side o' the south fork, and we set up a hotel in a dugout."

"But I don't quite understand about the man-your hisband"-"Yep, my lastest one. Didn't you

know I married ole man Auberry? He's round here somewheres, lookin' fer a drink o' licker, I reckon." "I hadn't heard of this last marriage

of yours. Aunt Mandy," I ventured. "Me and him hooked up right soon atter you and the gal got lost." "Where is Colonel Meriwether?" I

asked her at last. "Inside," she motioned with her pipe. "Him and the gal too. But, say, who's

but little sawed of magon?"

I looked It was my finnice. Grace The measure of the two women was Sheraron. By her side was toy friend, there in those words, and I felt it.

alse but little Kitty seemed first to six me and "Could you?" i sinner! Matt book it him Isn't be "Vuren or but some start blo

"You sent the an award," began Grace nurriedly. "I was not expecting you oday, but you been gone more than two weeks over that, you said go." TOUR WARREST TEN

Stevenson leader and into the favern fter his tister, to me, and presently I trace is enissed in surorise and Katy's excited chatter. I heard Colonel Meriwether's voice an swering. I heard another voice.

"Who is in there?" asked Grace Sheraton of me curiously. I looked her slowly and fully in the face.

"It is Colonel Meriwether," I answered. "He has come on unexpertedly "But you believe me, Jack? You do from the west. His daughter is there also, I think. I have not yet seen her. "That woman!" breathed Grace Shernton, sinking back upon her seat. Her

eye glittered as she turned to me. "Oh. or three weeks. I shall come back. I see it all now! You have been with Miss Grace, and I shall ask your an- them! You have met her again! My God. I could kill you both-I could-1

# CHAPTER XXII.

Ellen or Grace.

HAVE never met any of the Meriwethers," said Grace Sheraton. "Will you gentlemen present me?"

I had assisted her to alight, and at that time a servant came and stood at the horse's head. Stevenson stepped back to the door, not having as yet mentioned my presence there. There came out upon the gallery as he entered that other whose presence I had for some moments known, whom I knew within the moment I must meet

Her eyes fell upon me. She stepped back with faint exclamation, leaning against the wall, her hands at her cheeks as she stared. I do not know after that who or what our spectators were. I presume Stevenson went on into the house to talk with Colonel Meriwether, whom I did not see at all at that time.

The first to speak was Grace Sheraton. Tall, thin, darker than ever, it seemed to me, and now with eyes which flickered and glittered as I had never seen them, she approached the girl who stood there shrinking. "It is Miss Meriwether? I believe I should know you," she began, holding out her

"This is Miss Grace Sheraton," said to Ellen, and stopped. Then I drew them both away from the door and from the gallery, walking to the shadows of the long row of elms which shaded the street, where we would be less observed.

For the first time in my life I saw the two together and might compare them. Without my will or wish 1 found my eyes resting upon Ellen. Without my will or wish, fate, nature, love, I know not what, made se-

Ellen had not as yet spoken. "Miss Sheraton," I repeated to her finally, "is the lady to whom I am engaged to

be married." The vicious Sheraton temper broke bounds. There was more than half a sneer on my flancee's face. "I should easily know who this lady is," she said. Ellen, flushed, perturbed, would have returned to the gallery, but I raised my hand. Grace Sheraton went on. "An engagement is little. You and he, I am advised, lived as man and wife, the hills. forgetting that he and I were already pledged as man and wife."

"That is not true!" broke in Ellen, her voice low and even. She at least had herself in hand and would tolerate no vulgar scene.

"I could not blame either of you for denying it.' "It was Gordon Orme that told her,

I said to Ellen. She would not speak or commit her-

self, except to shake her head and to beat her hands softly together as L had seen her do before when in dis-

"A gentleman must lie like a gentleman," went on Grace Sheraton mercilessly. "I am here to congratulate you both."

I saw a drop of blood spring from. Ellen's bitten lin. "What she sars is true." I went on to Ellen. "It is just as Gordon Orme

told your father and as I admitted to you. I was engaged to be married to Miss Sheraton, and I am still so en-Still her small hands beat together softly, but she would not cry out, she

would not exclaim, protest, accuse. I

went on with the accusation against myself. "I did not tell you. I had and have no excuse except that I loved you. I am here now for my punishment. You

two shall decide it." At last Ellen spoke to my flancee. "It is true," said she. "I thought myself engaged to Mr. Cowles. I did not know of you-did not know that he my father found us before it was too partner a dividend intérest, carrying my saddle bags. I have left my medi-

"Let us spare ourselves details," rejoined Grace Sheraton, "He has wronged both of us." "Yes, he has done wrong," I heard Ellen say. "Perhaps all men do. I

"In any case," I concluded, "it would do not want to know. Perhaps they

hat as oming cown the street there in one not always to beame. I do not want to know."

'aptain Stetenson, and at the other "Could you want such a man?" ask and of the seat was a fluttering and led Grace Sheraten bitterly, I saw Ellen inimiated in ure that could be no one shake her head slowly. I heard her lips answer slowly "No" she said

meded a continual an enthusiastic way. I looked to Grace Sheraton for her me of the closes, perusol, well and answer, and as I looked I saw r nandker had all had confusedly, after strange and ghastly change come over her fashion in one hand "Prreat" her face. "My God?" she exclaime" the triffed, schoolggiffee, to attract reaching out her hand against a tree my attention necessarie "Howdy, trunk to steady herself. "Your lead ven man'. If it isn't John Cowles, I'm Ings? No! But what is to become of

are entirely free But now, if you News traveled more slowly then, but please, I see no reason why I should we in our valley might expect word trouble you both. Pietse, now, I shall from Washington by noon of that day

Ellen, her fore strangely distorted And then I saw Ellen's face a

hange. She put out her hand in tu-"There," she said, "time mends vi much. Let us hope"- Then # >. her throat work oddly, and her wor

No man may know the speech wiwhich women exchange thought. saw the two pass a few paces apart saw Grace Sheraton stoop and whis per something.

It was her last desperate resource. It won, as courage should, or at least as much as a lie may win at any time. for it was a bitter, daring, desperate, shaming lie she whispered to Ellen.

As Ellen's face turned toward me again I saw a slow, deep scorn invade it. "If I were free," she said to me, "if you were the last man on earth, ! would not look at you again. You deceived me, but that was only a broken word and not a broken life! This girl -indeed she may ask what will become of her!"

"I am tired of all these riddles," 1 broke out, my own anger now arising and myself not caring to be made thus sport of petticoats.

"Your duty is clear." went on my new accuser, flashing out at me. "If you have a trace of manhood left, then let the marriage be at once-tomorrow. How dare you delay so long?" She choked in her own anger, humiliation, scorn-I know not what, blushed in her own shame.

Orme was right. I have always been a stupid ass. If took me moments to much better than contempt for the ungrasp the amazing truth, to understand | couth man from the west, Lincoln, that the daring stroke by which Grace Sheraton had won her game. It had cost later leved by north and south alike her much. I saw her standing there as greatest of our great men. We did trembling, tearful, suffering, her eyes not know him in our valley. All of us wet. She turned to me, waiting for

me to save her or leave her damned. I could not declare against the woman who had thus sworn against me. With horror I saw what grotesque injustice was done to me. I broke out into a horrible laughter.

I had said that I had come for my punishment, and here it was for me to take. I had told Orme that one day I would pay him for my life. Here, now, was Orme's price to be paid! If this girl had not sinned with me she had done so by reason of me. It was my fault, and a gentleman pays for his fault in one way or another. There seemed to me, I say, but one way in which I could pay. I being ever simple and slow of wit. I, John Cowles, without thinking so far as the swift cousegirl who had confessed to her rival her | you! own bitter sin, but who had lied as to

her accomplice in her sin. "It is true," I said, turning to Ellen. "I am guilty. I told you I deserved asked Miss Sheraton to release me from my engagement. I shall feel honored if she will now accept my hand. I shall be glad if she will set

the date early as may be." Night was now coming swiftly from

Ellen turned to pass back toward the door. "Your pardon!" I exclaimed to Grace Sheraton, and sprang after Ellen.

hand to her. "Let us end all these toid." beroics and do our best. Where is your busband? I want to congratu-

"My husband!" she said in wonder. What do you mean?" "Belknap"- I began.

"Ah," she said bitterly. "You rate me low, as low as I do you." "But your father told me himself you two were to be married." I broke

"My father loves me dearly," she replied slowly. "But he cannot marry me until I wish. No. I am not married, and I never will be. Goodby!"

I did not see Colonel Meriwether He passed on through to his seat in Albemarle without stopping in our valley longer than overnight. Part of the next morning I spent in writing a letter to my agents at Huntington. with the request that they should inform Colonel Meriwether at once on the business situation, since now be was in touch by mail. The alternative was offered him of taking over my father's interests through these creditors, accepting them as partners or purchasing their rights or of doing what my father had planned to do for him. which was to care individually for the joint account, and then to allot each

All these matters I explained to my mother. Then I told her fully what had occurred at the village the night previous between E'len Meriwether and my fiance. She sat silent

mit me better if you and I could leave

his place ferever and begin again

She turned to me slowly, with a smile upon her face. "Whatever thee says," was her answer. "I shall not ask thee to try to mend what cannot be mended. Thee is like thy father." she said. "I shall not try to change thee Go, then, thy own way. Only hear me, thee cannot mend the un mendable by such a wrongful mar-

But I went, and under my arm I here a certain roll of crinkled, hairy

This was on the morning of Wednes day, in November, the day following "You wish him?" asked Ellen. "You | the national election in the year 1860 If Lincoln won, then the south would But Grace Sheraton sprang to her secede. Two nations would inevitably side as she turned. I was awazed at be formed, and, if necessary, issue her look. It was entreaty on her face | would be joined between them as soon not anger! She held out her bands to as the leaders could formulate their plans for war. Our state was divided



"Curse you!" he thundered. "Explain yourself."

our valley especially so, peace sentiment there being strong. Few of us there, whether Unionists or not, had most pathetic figure of our history. there. Unionists or secessionists, for peace or for war, dreaded to hear of

his election. Colonel Sheraton met me at the door, his face flushed, his brow frowning. He was all politics. "Have you any news?" he demanded. "Have you heard from Leesburg, Washington?"

"Not as yet," I answered, "but there should be messages from Leesburg within the next few hours." We had no telegraph in our valley at that time. "I have arranged with the postmaster to let us all know up here the instant he gets word," said Sheraton. "if that black abolitionist, Lincoln, wins, they're going to fire one anvil shot in the street, and we can hear it up this valley this far. If the south wins, then two anvils, as fast as they quences, must now act as the shield of | can load. So, Mr. Cowles, if we hear the girl who stood there trembling, the a single shot it is war-war. I tell

"But come in," he added hastily. "I keep you waiting. I am glad to see you this morning, sir. From my daughter I learn that you have returnno mercy, and I ask none. I have not | ed from a somewhat successful journey-that matters seem to mend for you. We are all pleased to learn it. I offer you my hand, sir. My daughter has advised me of her decision and your own. Your conduct throughout, Mr. Cowles, has been most manly, quite above reproach. I could want no better son to join my family."

"Colonel Sheraton," I said to him, your gir!" "my conduct has not been in the least above reproach, and your daughter has "Goodby," I said, and held out my | not told you all that she ought to have

> A door opened at the side of the room, where a narrow stairway ran down from the second floor, and there appeared the short, stocky figure, the iron gray mane of our friend, Dr. Samuel Bond, physician for two counties thereabout, bachelor, benefactor, man of charity, despite his lancet, his qui-

nine and his calomel. "Ah, doctor," began Colonel Sherout, surprise, wonder, dread, rebellion, aton, "here is our young friend back now in every fiber of my body and from his travels again. I'm going to tell you now, as I think I may without much risk, that there is every hope the Cowles family will win in this legal tangle which has threatened them late ly-win handsomely too. You see, Mr. Cowles," he added to me, "Dr. Bond has stopped in as he passed by for a look at my daughter. Miss Grace seems just a trifle indisposed this morning. Nothing in the least serious, of

We all turned again as the front door opened. Harry Sheraton entered. "Come, son," exclaimed his father,

"draw up, draw up with us. Pour us a drink around, son, for the success of our two families. You, doctor, are glad as I am-that I know." But Dr. Bond did not seem glad. He paused, looking strangely at me and at our host. "Harry," said he.

"suppose you go look in the hall for

The young man turned, but for no reason apparently, stopped at the door and presently joined us again. "May I ask for Miss Grace this morn-

ing. doctor?" I began politely. "Yes," interjected Colonel Sheraton. "How's the girl? She ought to be with



Q. What is good for my cough? A. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Q. How long has it been us !:

A. Seventy years. Q. Do doctors endorse it?

A. If not, we would not mak " Q. Do you publish the form...

A. Yes. On every bottle.

Q. Any alcohol in it?

A. Not a single drop. Q. How may I learn more of this?

A. Ack your doctor. He knows. Ayer's Cherry Tectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Aver & Co. 1 aven "

us this minute-a moment like this, you know."

Dr. Bond looked at us still gravely. He turued from me to Colonel Shernton and again to Harry Sheraton. "Harry," said he sternly, "didn't you

hear me? - Get out!" We three were left alone. "Jack, I must see you a moment alone," said Dr. Bond to me.

"What's up?" demanded Colone Sheraton. "What's the mystery? It seems to me I'm interested in everything proper here. What's wrong, doctor? Is my girl sick?" "Yes," said the physician.

"She needs aid," said the old wire hair slowly. "Can you not give it, then? Ian't that your business?"

"No, sir. It belongs to another pro-

"What's wrong?"

fession," said Dr. Bond dryly, taking soud and brushing his nose with his immense red kerchief. Colonel Sheraton looked at him for the space of a full minute, but got no further word. "Curse you," he thundered, "explain yourself or I'll make you wish you had! What do you mean?" He turned flercely upon me. "By heaven, there's only one meaning

that I can guess. You, sir, what's I faced him fairly now. "I am so accused by her," I answered slowly.

"What! What!" He stood as though "I shall not lie about it. It is not necessary for me to accuse a girl of falsehood. I only say, let us have this wedding, and have it soon. I so agreed

with Miss Grace last night." The old man sprang at me, his eyes glaring about the room for a weapon He saw it-a long knife with ivory handle and inlaid blade on the ledge where I myself had placed it when I last was there. Dr. Bond caught Colo

nel Sheraton and held him fast. "Wait," I said. "Wait! Let us have it all understood plainly. Then let us take it up in any way you Sheraton

prefer." "Stop, I say!" cried the stern faced doctor, as honest a man, I think, as ever drew the breath of life. He hurled his sinewy form against Colone Sheraton again as I released him. "That boy is lying to us both, I tell you. I say he's not to blame, and I know it. I know it. I say. I'm her physician. Listen, you, Sheraton. You shall not harm a man who has lied like this, like a gentleman, to save you and

"Curse you both," sobbed the struggling man. "Let me go! Let me alone! Didn't I hear him-didn't you beat him admit it?" He broke, free and stood panting in the center of the room, we between him and the wen "Harry!" he called out sharply

The door burst open. "A gun-my pistol-get me some thing, boy! Arm yourself. We'll kill

"Harry," I called out to him in turn Do nothing of the sort! You'll have me to handle in this. Some things I'll endure, but not all things always. swear I'll stand this no longer from all of you or any of you. Listen to me Listen, I say. It is as Dr. Bond says." So now they did listen dully.

(Continued Next Saturday)

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